

The Voice of the Ancient Bard.

Youth of delight come hither,
And see the opening morn,
Image of truth new-born,
Doubt is fled & clouds of reason,
Dark disputes & artful teasing,
Folly is an endless maze,
Tangled roots perplex her ways,
How many have fallen there!
They tumble all night over bones of the dead;
And feel they know not what but care;
And wish to lead others when they should be led.



Night

The sun descending in the west,
The evening star does shine,
The birds are silent in their nest,
And I must seek for mine.
The moon like a flower,
In heavens high bower,
With silent delight,
Sits and smiles on the night.

Farewell green fields and happy groves,
Where flocks have took delight;
Where lambs have nibbled, silent moves
The feet of angels bright;
Unseen they pour blessing,
And joy without ceasing,
On each bird and blossom,
And each sleeping bosom.

They look in every thoughtless nest,
Where birds are over warm;
They visit caves of every beast,
To keep them all from harm;
If they see any weeping,
That should have been sleeping,
They pour sleep on their head
And sit down by their bed.